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The Newport Mercury,

PUBLISHED BY
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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1776, and is now in its one hundred and twenty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of fifty-six columns filled with interesting reading—political, historical, and general news, with selected musical and valuable household departments—reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to the advertiser. **TRAVEL:** \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 50c. Postage can always be obtained at the office of publication and at various news rooms in the city. **Specimen copies sent free, and special rates given to advertisers by addressing the publisher.**

Local Matters.

The Sanitary Inspection.

The medical board of health acted promptly upon the resolution passed last week by the board of aldermen and at once adopted a thorough system of inspection of the entire city.

A corps of five inspectors, including two plumbers and one mason, was selected and at once set to work. Each inspector is given a certain section to inspect and provided with a large book in which to record the ownership, occupant and condition of every place visited and each has to report to the executive officer of the board at the close of each day.

It is estimated that there are about 4500 buildings within the city limits and up to Thursday night more than 1000 had been inspected and their sanitary condition reported to the board.

The inspectors report that they are courageously received and given every opportunity to conduct their work wherever they go, and that the owners and occupants of places found defective seem disposed to rectify the evils in accordance with the directions given by the inspectors.

It is sincerely hoped and really believed that no cholera will come to Newport, but whether it does or not the inspection as now being conducted by the board of health is sure to prove an excellent thing. The sanitary condition of the city is sure to be much improved by it, and the reports of the inspectors, which will be the property of the board, will be an important means of reference in future cases of complaint.

The inspectors, Mr. Moore, A. A. Chappell, Richard J. Steele, George D. Lewis, George M. Fludder and Mr. J. Murphy.

The President's Prompt Action.

President Harrison has sent a telegram to the Secretary of the Treasury saying that the Attorney General had sent him an opinion to the effect that he had full power, under the law, to prevent the landing in this country of all immigrants coming from ports infected with cholera or any other contagious disease. He suggested that the Secretary convey this information to the various trans-Atlantic ship companies, with an official notice that unless they acted in strict accordance therewith the President would issue an executive order prohibiting entirely all immigration from infected ports.

Daniel Watson has sold the beautiful and extensive tract of land known as the "Green Hill Farm" situated in South Kingstown, Washington county, having a bold frontage of a quarter of a mile on the Atlantic ocean, with a fine sandy beach, and containing about four hundred and twenty acres, to Mr. Edmund W. Davis, of Providence. Mr. Davis was also the purchaser of the Bateman property on Brenton's Point, in February last.

An Italian bark passed up the bay yesterday about noon, apparently bound for Providence. Notice of her approach was received here some time before she was in sight and the authorities were ready for her. She had shown any disposition to stop. She had evidently received her pilot at Block Island.

Schooner B. A. Van Brunt was run down and sunk off Fall River Sunday morning by Old Colony steamers Pilgrim and Providence during a dense fog. Both steamers were more or less injured.

Miss Annie Stephenson Clews, sister of Mr. Henry Clews of Newport and New York, was married in London last week to Capt. Charles H. L. Baker, of the British Army, a son of the late Admiral Baker.

This has been an exceedingly busy week at the Old Colony Company's Newport docks.

Mrs. John Carter Brown and her son,

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.

Important Meeting of Medical Men and Laymen.

There was a largely attended informal meeting of members of the Board of Aldermen, Board of Health, Newport Sanitary Association and prominent citizens at the City Hall Thursday evening for a general discussion of the cholera question.

Major Honey presided and opened the meeting by reading a series of resolutions passed that afternoon by the Sanitary Protection Society, asking that the Fall River line boats be required to carry a surgeon; that measures be taken to prevent an overflow of the sewers; that a hospital be built; that a large deposit of sewage off Briggs's wharf be removed; that the sewer outlet be repaired. The various questions involved in these resolutions were discussed at considerable length, that of a temporary hospital being considered the most important, and, in its location, the most difficult.

Rose Island, which had been tendered the city by the War Department, was pronounced impracticable by the medical men, and all the numerous other places, which could be suggested, were either shown to be unsuitable or met with an opposition that it would be next to impossible to overcome.

The place which, for location and surroundings, met with the ap-

proval of the medical profession and of the citizens generally, was the Newport Harbor and near Sachuest beach.

But Health Officer Peckham of Mid-

deltown seemed to kill this project by

informing the meeting that his town

would, he thought, oppose the locating

of a pest house within its borders with

all the law it could command.

Finally, after nearly two hours had been consumed without apparently bring any nearer a solution of the question than at the opening, Rev. Father Coyle stated that there was a place on Miantonomi Hill, known as Eagle Crest, that belonged to Bishop Har-kins, which the city could have. He said that the Bishop had not given him any authority to make this offer, but that, knowing the man and knowing him to practice what he preached, he did not hesitate to offer in his name the use of this property for the care of the sick and the suffering if it was needed. This offer was received with applause and the meeting soon after adjourned.

Mr. A. O'D. Taylor had previously announced to the meeting that he had in his hands for sale the property on Coddington Point belonging to the late E. S. Philbrick, of Boston, which he thought would be a good location and which, if the city decided to purchase it, he would sell at \$20,000, or as much less as possible, and give the city the benefit of his commission on the sale. The location of this property seemed to meet with general approval and when the meeting adjourned it was with the feeling that a place for the hospital had been secured, as, if Bishop Har-kins' generous offer were not accepted the Philbrick property could be purchased.

A meeting of the Board of Aldermen immediately followed the informal meeting, and after the matter had been discussed in detail with the members of the Medical Board of Health, a resolution was unanimously passed conferring upon the Medical Board of Health, for the time being, all the powers vested in the Board of Aldermen, and at 10:30 this meeting also adjourned.

The speakers at the informal meeting included Dr. H. E. Turner, Dr. E. S. F. Arnold, Dr. Segfried, Dr. H. R. Storer, Dr. Eroyd, Professor Moore, Mr. C. E. Hammert, Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Mr. L. D. Davis, Mr. J. T. Burdick, Mr. John H. Cozzens, Rev. Father Coyle, Alderman Waters and others.

School Board Meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Walton Titus, formerly of this city, celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage Tuesday evening at their home in Lynn, and according to the Lynn Daily Item, which gives it a half-column notice, it must have been a most enjoyable affair. The invitations issued were neatly engraved cards enclosed in a plate of tin, and a tin box containing a piece of the original wedding cake was presented to each guest by the hostess as a souvenir. The happy couple received a host of appropriate and costly presents in both tin and silver.

The guests present represented many relatives and friends from all parts of New England.

Miss Elizabeth Marsh died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. William H. Westcott, on Central court, Wednesday night, aged 82 years. She had been a member of the First M. E. church for upwards of three score of years and her long life was lived in accordance with her profession. She was twice married, her first husband being Frederick Murphy and her second, Samuel J. Marsh. Mr. Nathan Murphy, of Bridgeport, Conn., is her son, and Mr. W. W. Stevens, of the same place, is her brother.

The engagement of Miss Esther Grace Lawrence to Count Felix is reported from Dresden where the young lady is at present residing with her sister, Baroness von Kienek. Miss Lawrence is daughter of the late Gen. Albert Gallatin Lawrence and granddaughter of the late Hon. William Beach Lawrence.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Almy have returned from a month's visit to Maine and the Provinces. They spent most of their time at New Brunswick, with brief stops at Bar Harbor, Woodstock, Bangor and other places. They report a very enjoyable time.

Capt. John Rogers, boat carpenter at the Old Colony Company's Newport works, has been housed most of this week from a painful injury to one of his feet, sustained while in performance of his duties.

Measles. John J. Peckham and David Stevens, members of the Board of Directors of the Northern Mutual Relief Association, attended a meeting of the Board in Boston Wednesday.

Mrs. Waters, wife of Alderman John Waters of this city, who has been in poor health for a long time, does not seem to improve. She is with friends in Massachusetts.

The many friends of Mr. Edward C. Coxson will be pleased to learn that he has returned from Malden, Mass., to this city to reside permanently.

Miss Daisy Beckman, of New York, has been at "Vineyard" this week, guest of her sister, Mrs. Louis L. Lorillard.

Lieutenant Gov. Bull sailed from Southampton last Saturday. He is expected to arrive in New York today or tomorrow.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson leave this week for their annual vacation. They will pass most of the time in Massachusetts near Gloucester.

Division No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, had a very enjoyable time at Odd Fellows' Hall last evening. It was its eighth annual ball.

Steamer Herman S. Caswell will dis-

continue her trips between Newport and Narragansett Pier, for the season of 1892, this afternoon, making her last trip from Newport at 5:10.

Several of our prominent cottagers contemplate spending the winter in Newport.

Mrs. Thomas Dunn and family have

Citizens' Indignation Meeting.

Charles E. Lawton Post will start to-morrow night for Washington to attend the grand encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. The post expects to take about 40 of its own members, and, General G. K. Warren Post having decided not to attend as a post, several of its members are expected to accompany them. Two or three members of Gov. Warren Post will go independently.

Mr. John T. Delano, of C. E. Lawton Post, started last night, accompanied by his family, but will join the post upon its arrival in Washington. Mr. Delano and his family expect to be absent ten days or a fortnight and will visit Harper's Ferry; Antietam, Gettysburg and other places of historic interest.

Daniel D. Sullivan, formerly of this city, and commonly known as "Yankee Dan," has been indicted by the grand jury of Providence county for the murder of Anthony S. Dawson on the 10th of July last. George Dalton, who is supposed to have been an accomplice in the crime, is still at large, the authorities having been unsuccessful thus far in their search for him.

H. A. Heath & Co.'s Sale.

The auction sale of H. A. Heath & Co.'s large and varied stock of hardware, watches, clocks, jewelry, etc., which has attracted so much attention during the past week, will be continued several days longer. The store has been crowded with purchasers during the hours of sale, both afternoon and evening, and many of our citizens are boasting of the great bargains they have made. Well, nobody can expect to get standard retail prices for goods sold under the hammer, but if all the stories we hear are true, the Messrs. Heath & Co. are disposing of their elegant stock at a tremendous sacrifice, and their patrons are reaping a harvest.

Woman's Indian Association.

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Indian Association, held at the residence of Mrs. J. P. Cotton, 16 Park street, the following officers were chosen for the year.

President—Mrs. F. T. Taylor. Vice-President—Mrs. P. S. Taggart, Miss M. Elery, Mrs. F. F. Emerson, Mrs. C. W. Dyer, Mrs. J. S. Kimball, Miss M. Forbes. Rec. Sec.—Mrs. D. C. Dyer. Correspondent—Mrs. F. F. Emerson. Com. Public Meetings—Mrs. J. S. Kimber. Indian News—Mrs. V. S. Taggart, Mrs. Ben. Baker. Literature—Mrs. E. L. Jones. Miscellaneous Work—Mrs. W. H. Lawton, Miss M. Wood and patriotic work—Miss M. Elery, and Addison Thomas.

Resolved. That a committee consisting of seven citizens, to be named by the chair, be appointed to present these resolutions to His Excellency, the Governor, with such information as will enable him to take the necessary steps to procure the proposed relief.

The committee of the resolution was then appointed by the chair as follows: and given power to fill vacancies: Messrs. A. U. Titus, Louis L. Lorillard, Anthony S. Sherman, Henry Bedlow, Charles T. Hartshorn, David T. Phillips and Addison Thomas.

Several of the gentlemen named were unable to serve and the committee, composed of Rev. F. F. Emerson and Messrs. A. C. Titus, C. E. Hammert, D. T. Plounger and T. T. Pitman, went to Providence Tuesday afternoon and laid the matter before Governor Brown and Attorney General Burbank. The Governor received the committee cordially and promised to give the object of their visit careful consideration. His reply has not yet been received, but when it is, it is confidently expected to be in accordance with the committee's wishes and that a special session of the General Assembly will be called as soon as practicable.

A Tie Wedding.

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Going to G. A. M. Encampment.

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Poetry.**Who Knows?**

BY DAVID BANKS NICHOLS.

Who know we have not lived before
In form that still delights our pale
It is not the open door
Through which we pass to life again!

The fruitful seed beneath the sod
Is lost by the eternal law of God
It is not quickened till it lies.

The leaves that tremble on the tree
Fall 'neath the stoke of autumn's storms;
But by your mighty mystery,
With spring return in other forms.

A gentle spirit, lost aside,
Aid the change from earth to earth,
While seeming life is losing soul
Recall the former scent of earth.

And thus unconscious of the loss
The spirit that love creates,
Perhaps we see our own who die
In newer forms and other states.

Perhaps with every cycle passed
In all the ages yet to come,
Our loved will come to us at last,

As parted waters find the sea!

Not wholly clad as they were seen
When death unbound their robes of clay;

But with seraphim face and mien,
And souls that cannot pass away.

Columbus.

BY THOMAS WATTS.

FOR THE FESTIVAL AT MELVILLE.

A Chilla y la Leon del Colon.

Nueve Minutos del Colon.

To Christie he cried to quell Death's disfearing measure.

Save by the storm to Death's own charless seat.

To God he cried for glimpse of grace or tree.

When, hovering over the calm, Death watched at leisure;

And when he allowed the man, now dazed with pleasure,

Faithful now world glittering starlike on the sea.

"I trust that by the help of Christ," said he,

"I presently shall light on golden treasure."

What treasure found he? Chains and pains

And sorrow—

Yet, all the wealth those noble necklers find.

Whose footfalls mark the music of mankind.

Twice to lead a life: "Twas Man's to born,

Twas his to make, but not to share, the narrow

Who in love's memory lives this morn enshrouded.

—The Athenaeum.

Selected Tale.**A TALE OF TURGHUELA.**

"Turghuela, Turghuela? That's where Maimie Rhodes lives; and that settles the question. I'll go and chance it."

So Geoffrey Dasset wrote off there and then to the colonial office, accepting the munificent offer of the post of government medical officer in Turghuela at a salary of £200 a year.

He could surely be only the light of Maimie Rhodes' eyes that could attract a man from England to Turghuela, seeing what a remote, unknown scrap of a place it is, compared with which the other West Indian islands are great continents with the hubbub of mighty issues.

In fact, it is so small that it is not mentioned by name in "Whitaker," nor is it otherwise indicated on a map than by a dot surrounded by dots equally nameless, but all bearing the general title of "The Virgin Islands."

For fertile loveliness it is a garden of Eden. Its miniature ranges of mountains are wooded up to the top with tamarindus, cinnamons, silk cotton trees and palms, whose yellow blossoms splash the sides in broad patches of gold. The air is thick with the scent of the bananas, custard apples, sour cabbages, and mangos, that grow round the little homes and the fields of tall, green canes, on the one sugar estate the island boasts of, rustic pleasantly in the cool sea breeze. The people, too, seem picturesquely happy; the few whites in their chisel drill suits and straw hats, the negro women with stately figures set off by the erect poise of their heads tied round with handkerchiefs of gaudy red and yellow, and the little nigger children running about, with naked little bodies shining in the sun.

All of these things aroused Geoffrey Dasset's delight as he landed in Turghuela, and was shown round the place by the vice president of the island, a versatile gentleman combining the offices of stipendiary magistrate, harbor master, postmaster, registrar, commanding officer of police, and general dealer in home and colonial produce, who welcomed him with most sincere effusion, and put his house, his servants, and his cattle at the service of the newcomer. Dasset was in such a whirl of new sensations that it was some time before he found an opportunity for enquiring after Miss Rhodes.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his new friend. "The idea of knowing any one here! I suppose you mean Maimie Rhodes that was. She's married now. You never heard of it? A man called Conway; lucky beggar. Came over here a year or two ago as overseer on Mount Pleasant, married Maimie, and, on the death of her father, came into possession of the whole estate."

Dasset scarcely heard the latter part of this little speech. The blue faded from the sky, and the glory from the hills. Maimie married! A vague sense of the futility of things came over him, and he wished himself back in England. But in Turghuela he was, and in Turghuela he had to remain, and to learn the quiet ways of his dusky patients, and to foregather with his spiritual colleague, Rev. Mr. Jones, who officiated in the tiniest little stone church covered all over with the bell-apple vine, and to meet Maimie just as if nothing had ever passed between them, and to dine at her husband's table, and finally, to keep a stiff upper lip while working out like a man the bill he had apportioned unto himself.

A surprise even more disagreeable than the news of Maimie's marriage was his introduction to her husband. Mountains meet sometimes, says the proverb, and then earthquakes follow.

There was no earthquake in this case at Turghuela, but the two men glared for a moment at each other, until Conway put out his hand, and with an assumption of rough geniality, said:

"Come, we won't be bad friends here. Let bygones be bygones."

And then Dasset had preferred to accept the olive branch proffered in the shape of the great sun-glassed hand, although he felt the aches of an almost forgotten disgust burst into flame within him.

Maimie received him with a glad smile, as she hardly strode to hide. She was still the same sweet, unsophisticated little girl he had fallen in love with two years before in England, in spite of a certain seriousness of matronly dignity which seemed to him quaintly incongruous.

"What on earth made you come out to this heaven forsaken place?" she

said, rather

sullen one day. He had been dining at Mr. Pleasant, and it being crop time, Conway had rushed off to the works, leaving the two alone on the veranda.

"I don't think it is that," he replied, lazily enjoying the moonlight, and the scent of the orange blossoms in the garden. "I had no idea that Turghuela was such a paradise—as far as God made it."

"You are as bad as a woman. You attack side issues instead of coming to the point. I asked you why you came out."

He looked up quickly at her. Her head was turned aside in critical contemplation of a twig of jasmine she was twisting. Still, he could not tell her the exact truth.

"What makes men do silly things?" "Then it was simply your own folly that brought you here."

"As it has turned out. How have you managed to become so argumentative? When I knew you in England you were the least logical of little girls."

"I have lived many years since then. I am an old married woman now." And then, after a pause: "Why did you never write to me?"

"Why did you leave England so suddenly, without letting me know?" One Sunday you were full of plans for enjoying your visit, and the next, when I had told ten miles to see you, learned that you had sailed away on Wednesday."

"I know," she said, rising suddenly, and throwing away the jasmine stalk. "It was a mistake. I must go and see what Petrona is doing with that coffee."

"It was a mistake." That was sanguine. Dasset walked homeward very thoughtful, not without certain misgivings, which the sound of Conway's voice and that of a woman, raised suddenly in angry altercation, some yards in front of him on the road, did not allay.

"You lie, you black beast," said Conway, and his tone broke harshly upon the moonlight.

"Whether I'm black or whether I'm mulatto, don't make any difference. That's white people isn't good enough to pull jiggers out of black people's foot. O my fathers! Mr. Conway, you're real bad. When you're not drinking rum, you're hanging around respectable people's daughters, and poor Maimie up under treated like a drab."

"Hold your tongue," said Conway, savagely. "Here's \$5."

"Not for \$5 nor for \$50. You can keep your dirty dollars," replied the indignant matron, and then she paused as Dasset passed by.

The moonlight was too strong for the two men to pretend not to recognize each other. They exchanged a curt good night, and Dasset went on his way.

This scrap of conversation confirmed in his mind the vague rumors that were afloat in the island concerning Mr. Conway's domestic affairs.

"It is hard enough," he wrote to his sister in England, "to get the girl ones care for married to another man; but, when this man has been known to me as a scamp, and shows himself now to be a drunken brute, it makes one simply frantic. And Maimie—Well, she regrets. Don't be afraid, sir. If I let it I could not trust myself. I should not write to you, or I should come home. But I must stay here. A man can't escape his responsibility by hiding his head from them, ostrich fashion."

So Dasset resolved to abide in Turghuela, and see the play played out.

Meanwhile, he led an easy, pleasant life, as far as material pleasures were concerned. He doctored the lazy, good-natured negroes to their hearts' content, and gained their sincere esteem as much by his kindness as by the uncompromising potency of his medicines.

And in his leisure hours idled the time away, bathing in the many colored seas, playing strange Arcadian tenus on the coarse, burnet-pot patch of sedge, adjoining the parsonage, or chatting in the cool of a veranda while the tropical noonday sun was blazing. He saw as little as he possibly could of Conway, who, on his side, tried to effect his policy of conciliation. But it is not easy to avoid meeting one's neighbor in Turghuela, and Dasset saw more of him and of Maimie than was good for his peace of mind. He noticed, too, that Maimie was beginning to look unhappy and sometimes he would catch a querulous glance directed at her husband, and worse, than all—he saw an unmistakable light in her gray eyes when Conway had freed them of his presence. Once he vaguely blushed at returning to England. She looked at him half-frightened, and laid her hand upon his arm in her impulsive fashion.

"You must not go yet awhile. You must stay and help me—as a doctor—with Philip. Promise me you won't go yet?"

One morning, about a week after this, he rode up to Mr. Pleasant to see Conway professionally. Rum and sodas and unlimited beer had affected his liver, and Dasset went to cure it, much against his will. He had scarcely hitched his pony up to the gate post, when Maimie, with great, frightened eyes, and a white face with strange, red marks across it, rushed out upon the veranda, followed by her husband. She had evidently been drinking; her eyes were blood-shot, and he carried a thick riding-whip in his hand. Dasset sprang up the steps, with fury in his heart.

"What's that, Miss Sophy?"

"Play-acting," replied Miss Sophy, who had seen the word, is pretentious to be somebody else, like if you and me war to go round saying we war white people on a platform, and the folks all laugh."

"She's dead!" said Miss Priscilla.

"Play-acting," replied Miss Sophy, who had seen the word, is pretentious to be somebody else, like if you and me war to go round saying we war white people on a platform, and the folks all laugh."

"Oh, no, he isn't. Maimie, darling, how did this happen?" asked Dasset, losing his self-control.

"We quarreled because I said you had forbidden him to drink, and then—oh, my love! my love! help me!"

And the fell sobbing into his arms.

"Come, Maimie, this won't do," he said, with kind roughness. "Get your hat at once, and go to Mrs. Jones. That's the only thing to do for the present. I'll stay and look after him."

Dasset shook himself free of Maimie, and dashed his fist full in the speaker's face. Conway reeled, fell, and struck his head against the lintel, and lay stunned.

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A young man who believes in self-improvement, having recently married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some questions frankly and fully every morning, in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be: "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat?" and he took the affirmative, and when he was last seen he had climbed up into the hay loft and was pulling the ladder after him.—[Auburn News and Bulletin.]

There was no doubt of it. The ghastly yellow face, the delirious eyes and the raging fever told their own tale.

Dasset made a few hurried necessary arrangements in the sick room, sent one messenger off to the chemist's and another with a note for Maimie, telling her briefly what had occurred and emphatically forbidding her to come near the house.

He saw at once that it was a bad case—almost hopeless. Still his professional pride was aroused, and he intended to combat the disease desperately. He was pouring a draught of quinine down the patient's throat, when the door opened, and Maimie came into the room.

"Please, Mr. Conway, I'm very sick, and old Joe thinks it is yellow fever."

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"Go away, Maimie; go at once! I'll send you news of him," he said, rather

impatiently.

Maimie took off her hat and threw it on a chair.

"He is my husband, and I am come to nurse him."

"It's madness. You are now strong. You will be rushing into certain death."

"And you?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a doctor's duty," he said.

"So it is a wife's. I am staying. Just tell me what you want done, and I'll do it."

Dasset could not gainsay her. He shrugged his shoulders again in token of reluctant submission.

Hour after hour, during that awful

hour, they watched together by the sick man's bed, trying all that science and unremitting care could do to win him back to life. In his delirium he muttered things that made Dasset's blood boil, and Maimie's face grow white and set. The bruise across her cheek, where the whip had cut her, still remained. Dasset was salved with a terrible temptation to let him die there and then. It was only too easy, and it could hardly be called murder, to think that the drunken ruffian should live to bar his way and Maimie's to happiness. What he told her all he knew—that Conway was a fellow medical student of his, that he had swindled him out of a large sum of money; that he had turned into an idle turf loaf, who lived upon the hard-earned alimony of a provincial actress? In his delirium Conway called his wife "Josie" and asked for Samuel Woodworth the song of "Old Oak Bucket" still gives fine water, and is kept in good condition. It is in Situate, Mass., where Woodworth was born in 1785.

A Russian has made a clock whose dial is the semblance of a human face. The announcement of the hours issue through the mouth in articulate speech. This startling effect is produced by a photograph.

One hundred and three thousand dollars has been offered and refused for a Hebrew Bible now in the library of the Vatican at Rome. This makes it the most valuable book in the world, so far as dollars and cents go.

The most valuable of modern paintings is Meissonier's "1814," which was bought by a Frenchman for \$170,000. The same gentleman paid \$100,000 for "The Angels," by Millet, of which you have doubtless seen photographs or other reproductions.

In one consignment recently a feather dealer in London received 6,000 birds of paradise from the East Indies, 360,000 birds of various kinds from the East Indies, and 400,000 manakins birds. In three months another dealer imported 350,300 birds from the East Indies.

The quantity of heat accumulated in Lake Leman during the summer is, according to M. Ferrel, equivalent to that which would be given out by the burning of 51,000,000 tons of coal. A train to carry this coal would be 18,000 kilometers long, or nearly the length of the earth's meridian from pole to pole.

The magnificent National Capitol at Washington has cost, since the laying of its corner-stone, in 1793, very nearly \$15,000,000; but the State Capitol of New York at Albany, although not yet completed according to the architect's designs, has already cost almost \$20,000,000, and is the most expensive building of modern times.

A mosquito

Honest Pride is a good thing.
People take pride in a fine watch-case. It ought to be handsome; it holds the most precious thing on earth—Time. Ought to "keep it," too.

The new, quick-winding "Waterbury" in coin-silver and gold filled cases, is beautiful enough for a queen. And an accurate jeweled time-piece. Better than any Swiss watch at the price.

Your jeweler sells it.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that cou'sin Mercury,

which will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when once it gets hold of the mucous surfaces.

As far as I can get from reliable physicians, as far as I know, they will tell you to fold the poultice in two pieces of cloth, one blue and one surface of the poultice.

In buying half Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in folded, dried by F. J. Cheever & Co., Boston.

Cost \$2.00 per bottle.

Dr. Duggett, Boston \$1 per bottle.

LIVES CRUSHED OUT

In an Awful Wreck on the Fitchburg Road.

Nine Deaths Are Reported Thus Far and Many Others That Are Seriously Injured Are Expected to Die.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—Nine dead, twenty-six injured, two dying. That is the story of a railway horror at the West Cambridge depot of the Fitchburg railroad Saturday night.

An accommodation passenger train left Boston at 10:35 p.m. An express train followed on the same track at thirty miles an hour. The passenger train waited a few minutes at West Cambridge to cross an incoming accommodation.

The night was thick with fog. The standing train should have been protected by signal lanterns displayed 900 yards in rear. It is stated that Brakeman Noon was sent back to flag the freight. There was only one man who could have seen his danger signal. That man, Briger Goodwin, in the engin of the freight—says he saw none. He thought the rails clear, and thundered on at thirty miles an hour.

The engine plunged into and almost through the rear passenger coach of the standing train. Death or injury fell upon the passengers.

In a Rain of Flying Debris, scalding steam and fire from the engin's furnace. One woman and four men were dead and terribly mangled when, after long and heroic efforts, the rescuers reached them. One woman and three men died from their injuries after removal to the Cambridge hospital.

Several are now at death's door. The extent of the injuries in some other cases cannot yet be told by the surgeons.

The scene was one of almost unparalleled horror. Words fail when eye-witnesses describe what they saw in and around the telescoped car.

The scene in the engine-depot was marked by a display of heroism only to be appreciated by those who labored there and felt its坚ility.

The great number of the victims lived in Waltham and Watertown. The dead have all been identified. Many who were reported missing have been found alive and well.

The Dead.

Hettie Feyler, 22 years old, had been living at Waltham; home at North Waldoboro, Me.

Stansfield P. Sullivan, pawnbroker, Boston, residence at East Watertown.

John H. Barnes, Newton.

John Johnson, 60 years old, Watertown.

Leo Raymond, Whistenden, he knew on the freight train.

Benjamin Tuck, Watertown, died at the Cambridge city hospital.

James Lane, East Watertown.

H. F. Merrill, blacksmith, died at his home, Watertown, at 2:30 p.m. yesterday.

Margaret Adams, 35 years old, Waltham, died at the Cambridge hospital at 8:30 p.m.

One More Victim.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Sept. 15.—Cornelius Doyle died yesterday from injuries received in the West Cambridge railroad disaster.

A Brutal Outrage.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Sept. 12.—The 8-year-old daughter of Louis Newkirk, who lives some distance out of the city, was ravished yesterday afternoon by an unknown young man. He was riding on a bicycle and dashed her into the woods before he afterward led her to Florence and put her on a street car going to her home. Late last night a young man, said to be from Springfield, was arrested on suspicion.

Should Be Looked Into.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—General Nelson A. Miles' annual report of the condition of affairs in the department of the Missouri calls attention to the operations of a ring of lawyers who are said to have got \$67,000 from the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians on a pretense that they had settled certain Indian claims against the government. General Miles declares the deal was a bare-faced robbery.

Weather-Crop Bulletin.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—This week's weather-crop bulletin contains the following: New England—Temperature and precipitation below average, and sunshine above; no damage by frost; fine weather for ripening crops and harvesting; grain average yield; apples above average in northern states, below in southern; cranberry picking begun; corn being cut and extra good crop.

New Iron Hall Officers.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 15.—The convention to reorganize the Iron Hall elected the following: Supreme Justice, T. P. Towne, Philadelphia; cashier, Alfred E. Kopp, Indianapolis; accountant, William Launders, Indianapolis; adjuster, E. G. Buchanan, Tennessee; medical director, Dr. C. H. Gladden, New York.

A Century and a Half Old.

CHESTER, Conn., Sept. 16.—The 150th anniversary of the Chester Congregational church was observed with exercises of an elaborate character. Rev. A. S. Cheshire, D. D., delivered an historical address, reviewing the history of the church since its organization. Other historical addresses were made.

Most Postpones His Trip.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—President Harry S. has telegraphed to Chairman Hatchett of the Republican state executive committee that he greatly regrets to confirm a dispatch which states that Mrs. Harrington's condition is such as to make it impossible to take the proposed trip through this state.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Saturday, Sept. 10.
Thomas Hudnut, the oldest actor in the country, is dead.
Austria's recent purchases of gold amount to \$7,000,000.
The Canadian Pacific has stopped American immigrant travel.
English cotton manufacturers are contemplating reducing wages.
A woman was fatally injured at a wild west show at Rockford, Ills.
Eight Italians were badly injured in a collision near Rochester, N. Y.
President Diaz of Mexico is considering ways to stop speculation in corn.
William E. Sharpe has resigned from the Republican national committee.
The Blake and three other ships will represent Great Britain at the Columbian review.

Mrs. Makepeace of Avon, Mass., who shot her husband, is to be tried for manslaughter.

Pinkerton have been called upon to help solve the Pacific express robbery at Kansas City.

A Wilkes-Barre, Pa., man who lost all his money in the recent prize fight committed suicide.

Train robbers, who held up a train in the Cherokee strip, got nothing but two baskets of grapes.

The nomination of ex-Senator Blair for congress has been bolted by the Fife mouth, N. H., Chronicle.

Dr. Pleyson has been made permanent successor to Mr. Sprague at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

A petition against the Supreme Order of the Home Circle was dismissed by the Massachusetts supreme court.

Captain Michael Saysworth and his son, aged 16 years, were drowned from a fishing boat off Cudligan, P. E. I.

The war department has granted the Sandy Hook for a camp of refuge for passengers on the cholera steamer.

Most Rev. John Medley, D. D., Anglican Bishop of Fredericton and metropolitan of Canada, died at Fredericton, N. B., after a long illness, aged 88.

Sunday, Sept. 11.
Chicago brewers have combined to operate the saloons.

Senator Hill has purchased the Elmwood, near Albany.

Cyclist A. A. Zimmerman rode a mile in 2:45, flying start.

The Hurwells won a game in the Handball polo tournament.

The resignation of United States Minister Porter is announced at Rome.

Sheriff charges have been filed by Mrs. Robert Martell against her husband.

Crocker of Fitchburg, Mass., won the Worcester county tennis tournament.

The mail and iron police at the Carnegie will have been sworn in adequacy sheriffs.

Most Rev. John Medley, Bishop of Fredericton and Metropolitan of Canada, is dead.

Naval officials are gratified at the progress toward the establishment of the ship repairing plant at the Boston navy yard.

Rev. Granville Yugor, pastor of the Congregational church, Hudson, Mass., declines the offer of a professorship in the Pennsylvania state college.

Monday, Sept. 12.
Corbett says he will make Mitchell put up or shut up.

Lord Binnaven may have a new cutter to race for the America's cup.

The typhoid fever epidemic in Somerville, Mass., is practically over.

The Coney Island Athletic club proposes to settle a fight between Corbett and Jackson.

The president has accepted the invitation to attend the Women's Relief Corps reception.

Timothy Harrigan, a section-hand, was seriously injured at Northfield, Vt. He was thrown from a handcar.

Opposition is manifested in British Columbia to the attempt to colonize crofters in that province.

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Household Fancy Work.

CHAIN SCARF OH Tidy.
This scarf is made from extra Coarse cloth or linen sateen, as preferred. Have the width of scarf 14 inches, and a lengthened hem each side of 14 inches. Leave ends plain for the present. A good length is about 14 or 15 yards. The scarf is finished off with a trimming of crocheted whale.

To make one wheel.

Use about No. 50 Barbour's spool hook,

and a No. 1 or coarse steel hook.

Chain 8 stitches and join.

1st round—chain 6 and secure by 1 double into ring (double crochets), then back hook, draw thread through, then

back 2 stitches on hook; repeat

from * 3 times more.

2d round—Chain 6, followed by 4

doublets into each of the spaces formed

by 6 chain in previous round.

3d round—chain 6, 3 doublets into 6

chain of last round, 1 double into

each of the next 3 stitches, 1, completing

one-fourth of the round; repeat

from * to 3 times more to finish the

round.

4th round—chain 6, 3 doublets into

6 chain of last round, 1 double into

each of the next 5 stitches, 1, completing

one-fourth of the round; repeat

from * to 3 times more to finish

round.

5th round—chain 6, 3 doublets into

6 chain of last round, 1 double into

each of the next 7 stitches, 1, completing

one-fourth of the round; repeat

from * to 3 times more to finish

round.

6th round—chain 6, 3 doublets into

6 chain of last round, 1 double into

each of the next 9 stitches, 1, completing

one-fourth of the round; repeat

from * to 3 times more to finish

round.

7th round—chain 6, 3 doublets into

6 chain of last round, 1 double into

each of the next 11 stitches, 1, completing

one-fourth of the round; repeat

from * to 3 times more to finish

round.

8th round—chain 6, 1 double into 6

chain of last round, chain 6, skip 1

stitch, 1 double into each of the next 12

stitches, 1, completing one-fourth of the

round; repeat from * to 3 times more.

9th round—chain 6, 1 double into

6 chain of last round, 8 chain, 1 double

into next 6 chain of last

round; 6 chain, skip 1 stitch, 1 double

into each of next 8 stitches, 1, repeat

from * to 3 times more.

10th round—chain 6, 1 double into

6 chain of last round, 8 chain, 1 double

into next 6 chain of last

round; 6 chain, skip 1 stitch, 1 double

into each of next 8 stitches, 1, repeat

from * to 3 times more.

11th round—chain 6, 1 double into

6 chain of last round, 8 chain, 1 double

into next 6 chain of last

round; 6 chain, skip 1 stitch, 1 double

into each of next 8 stitches, 1, repeat

from * to 3 times more.

12th round—chain 6, 1 double into

6 chain of last round) 5 times, 8 chain,

skip 1, 1 double into each of next 4, 1,

repeat from * to 3 times more.

13th round—chain 6, 1 double into 6

chain of last round) 6 times, chain 6,

skip 1, 1 double into each of next 2, 1,

repeat from * to 3 times more. This

finishes a wheel.

Now make 15 more wheels. When

all finished, sew together diagonally, so

that it looks like one piece of crochet.

First a diagonal row of 7, next of 5,

next of 3, with a finish of one wheel for

the corner. This piece is now basted

on one end. Cut the canvas from the

back of the crochet. Tie in a heavy

fringe of the thread of about 8 inches.

Finish the other end of scarf with 4

wheels placed side by side and a fringe

of 6 inches tied in.—[*Mizpah* in Boston Budget].

Recipes for the Table.

PICKLED PEARS.—Make a syrup, using six pounds of light brown sugar and one quart of cider vinegar. Peel the pears nicely, leaving the stems on; leave the pears whole and steam until tender; have the syrup hot; put them into the syrup for three minutes, skin out and put into two quart jars, pour syrup over them and fill the jars full, then screw the covers on. Allow five teaspoons of ground cinnamon, put in two bags and cook in the syrup.

COCOA-NUT PUDDING.—A quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of cocoanut, three ounces of butter, the whites of six eggs, half a glass of wine and brandy mixed, one tablespoonful of rose-water. Beat the butter and sugar smooth, whisk the eggs and add to it, then stir in the grated nut and liquor. Cover your pie plates with rich crust, fill them with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven.

SALT MACKEREL, FRIED.—Soak for 3 hours in at least a gallon of water, laying the flesh side down; remove the head and see that the fish is clean; melt a spoonful of butter in the frying-pan and fry slowly for 15 minutes, taking care that it does not scorch; take out the fish and pour into the pan a cupful of milk or cream, let it boil up and pour it over the fish.

QUINCE DUMPLINGS.—Pare and core your quinces, put them in a sauce pan with very little water, and as soon as they begin to get tender take them out. Make a paste of six ounces of butter to a pound of flour, cover the fruit, tie them in dumpling cloths and boil them.

SCRAMBLED OMELET.—To make scrambled omelet a tablespoonful of milk is put into a small saucepan, adding a quarter of a teaspoonful of butter and a tiny pinch of salt. Beat one egg just enough to break the yolk, pour it into the hot milk and stir until it begins to stiffen, scraping it from the bottom. It should be taken from the fire in a liquid state and poured over a square of hot toast. Jellies, preserves or fresh fruits, may be spread on plain omelets before folding, and then garnished with the whole fruit. The preserves may be put up unsweetened.

The Loftiest Hotel.

A new hotel now being erected at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, New York, will be when completed, the loftiest hotel in the world. The depth of the excavation for the foundation ranges from twenty-two feet to forty feet. This has been necessary so as to have a rock basis, the rock being blasted so as to render it even. The new hotel will have seventeen stories and will be 225 feet high. The site is 100 feet on Fifth avenue by 135 feet deep on Fifty-ninth street. The building will cost about \$1,000,000 and will take two years to construct.—Yankee Blade.

Chance.

A wagon loaded with black powder, moving on a perfectly level road near Wenatchee, Wash., exploded last week, while on Wednesday a wagon loaded with dynamite, drawn by a four horse team, went over the grade not far from the same spot and rolled 100 feet, no damage resulting. Fate performs some peculiar freaks with which to mystify the inhabitants of this terrestrial sphere.—Portland Oregonian.

Captain's wife (to her husband): "Arthur, love, I want you to give Jack a good dressing down tomorrow morning." Captain: "What for? I am perfectly satisfied with the fellow." She: "Well, you know, he has got to beat the carpets tomorrow, and when he strikes ever so much harder when he is in a bad temper."

Cleveland's is the baking powder used in the U. S. Army and by teachers of cookery. It never varies, and always gives perfect satisfaction. Try a can.

Welcome Tops.

St. Thomas is now the only Episcopalian church left in St. Johns, Newfoundland, and here an hour before the fire broke out, one of the prettiest of the St. Johns girls was married to a wealthy Newfoundland. Among their wedding presents was a house and grounds, which was furnished throughout and all ready for the newly married couple to walk in and take possession. They had decided to go into the country for their honeymoon, and they left on the one railway which runs out of St. Johns just a few minutes before the bridegroom gave that fatal kick to Mr. Brian.

At the first station where the train stopped a telegram was handed to the bridegroom. It said simply: "Come back at once. Your house is burning." A return train was leaving almost immediately, and the bride and groom reached home in time to see the burning of both their parents' houses. Their own little home and all the bride's trousseau, which she had left there, having no use for it in her country outing, had been burned in ashes for a good half hour. By the first relief ship, which arrived from Halifax three days later, the bridegroom received a bundle of old clothes.

With the bundle came a note from an old friend, which said: "Dear Will—I dare say some of your employees or some other poor beggar who has been burned out will be able to make use of these old tops of yours. I dare say you'll be able to find some use for them." The bridegroom sent this note of thanks to Halifax by the first mail: "Dear Harvey—Thanks immensely. I did find some poor beggar who was able to make use of these old tops of yours. In fact, my dear boy, at the present moment these old tops of yours comprise my wedding trousseau. They're rather a quick fit, but I'm not over particular just at present. I only wish that some other obliging friend would send some equally good old tops to my poor wife."—Montreal Herald.

Curdness of Saffron.

I have seen one of the passengers of the Marechal Caurobert, the vessel run down by the Hocque. His account does not show where the fault is, for the passengers saw nothing until the moment of the accident. Opinions are much divided on the subject, but the general feeling is that the captain of Marechal Caurobert was very imprudent in trying, with a vessel running twelve knots, to pass in front of ten men-of-war, covering a large space and making seventeen or eighteen knots.

What seems to have excited the admiration of all was the presence of mind and activity shown by the captain and crew of each vessel in the terrible situation, which lasted nearly sixteen minutes, before the Marechal Caurobert sank.

The captain of the Hocque had grappled the Marechal Caurobert, and his sailors, rushing on board, seized the passengers and hurried them on the deck of the tugboat. Not till they felt that the steamer was going down did the sailors hurry back to the Hocque. The captain of the Marechal Caurobert was the last to leave the ship. But for the coolness of the captains and crews there must have been great loss of life.—London Times.

Pearl Fishing in Ohio.

Pearl fishing in the Little and Big Miami rivers, Ohio, has long been a recognized means of subsistence to hundreds of people in that region. Some of the finest pearls ever found came from there. For one of them Tiffany & Co. paid \$1,200, and afterward sold it for \$2,600. As much as \$12,000 worth in one year have been gathered. The pearls in whose shells these pearls are found are raked from the sand bed during low water, where they are found in beds similar to those formed by the salt water clams. They are readily raised without disturbance and mature in two years. This industry, through the enterprise of Hon. Theodore Wilking, will soon be firmly established in Kentucky.

This gentleman is about to invest in two boatloads of fresh water clams from the headwaters of the Little Miami. They will be planted on the edges of his famous fish preserves at Rosedale.—Covington Record.

The Sea in Miniature.

A model of ocean currents is to be exhibited at the World's fair which will possess great practical value. This model, which is a huge scientific tank, is made to represent the surface of the earth spread out on an area of thirty feet square, the ocean and seas being shown by actual water. Small streams of water are ejected through pipes under the model so that the whole body of water moves exactly as the ocean currents move. The direction of the currents is shown by a white powder on the surface of the water. Near the model is a large map giving the fullest details of the force, volume and direction of the various ocean currents.

New York Telegram.

SHRIMP.—One egg.

Scrambled omelet.

Quince dumplings.

Scrambled omelet.

Quince dumplings.

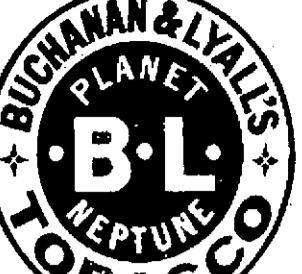
Scrambled omelet.

Quince dumplings.

Scrambled omelet.

Quince dumplings.

Scrambled omelet.



BUY
B.L.
TOBACCO
BEST MADE

Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable
Compound

Is a Harmless, Positive Cure

for the worst form of Female Complaints, also

Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulcer-

ation, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal

Weakeness, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Headache,

Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleep-

lessness, Depression and Indigestion, also

that feeling of Hearing down, causing pain,

weight, and headache.

In harmony with the laws that govern

the female system under all circumstances.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this

Compound is unsurpassed. Correspondence

freely answered. Address in confidence,

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Has His Revenge.

"Hai! hai! hai!" laughed

Furniture

A NEW LINE OF
CARPETS

TAKE WARNING!

NEGLECT NOT THE SIGNALS
OF DANGER.AN OBJECT LESSON TAUGHT BY
THE INDIAN.Let the Way Be Simple and the
Remedy Safe.

AROUND THE WORLD.

The Long Journey Ended—Eight and a Half Months on Land and Sea—Over \$2,000 Miles Traveled in Steamships, Railroad Trains, Carriages, Sedan Chairs, etc.—Some Thoughts and Ideas Suggested by the Trip—The Moose Wallowing.

(By Mrs. NICHOLAS BAILY.)

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I., May 30, 1892.
We left Queenstown at 12:15 Thursday, May 19, with several hundred steerage passengers, and passed the Dantes Rock Lightship, off the mouth of the harbor, at 1:00 P.M. A moderate breeze was blowing from the west, northwest, and at 1:17 we passed Fastnet Rock Light. It seemed to me that, as soon as we passed Dantes Rock our steamer was driven at great speed in order to make up for the time we had to wait for mails.

No one was displeased at this speed, however, for on the ironbound coast of Ireland failed into a dim line along the horizon in storm, its dangers all avoided before one of the deepest foggs I ever saw descended to scatter bodily down around us. We had taken up board at Queenstown 800 second cabin and steerage passengers, making a total of about 1,400 souls, all of whom preferred to take their log in the open ocean. Friday, May 20, with a moderate westerly breeze we made good headway, our noon record for the preceding 24 hours being 387 miles, our latitude 50° 40' and our longitude 10° 45'. At least half of the saloon passengers had no occasion to appear at the table at noon.

Do not, however, put your trust in the numerous so-called "garapillas" with which the market is flooded. A garapilla bark is not a medicine—it is a poison. It is the action of many of these decoctions causes fatal mineral poisons they contain, such as mercury, arsenic, strichnine, laudanum, hellebore, opium, and the like, and any druggist will tell you, if tells you truth, that it is so.

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa and other Kickapoo Indian medicines contain only the product of the field and forest; nature's own vegetable growth of roots, barks and herbs, and of acetates are free from mineral poisons whatever may be the action of some of these decoctions, depending wholly upon nature's laboratory for their resources, and upon their skill, born of centuries of experience, in preparing them.

Kickapoo Indian Sagwa made by the Indians, roots, barks and herbs of their own gathering and curing, is obtainable at any drugstore at one dollar per bottle; six bottles for five dollars.

Send three two-cent stamps to pay postage, and we will mail you free a catalog and interesting book of 123 pages entitled "Indian Sagwa," giving full information all about the Indians.

Address HEALEY & BIGELOW, Distributing Agents, 621 Grand Ave., New Haven Conn.

Clothing.

JOHN ALDERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

17 Mill Street,

ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET.

Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats.

Liveries of every description made to order

A NEW LINE OF

Seasonable Goods

JUST RECEIVED. 1-23

J. B. Barnaby & Co.

Have purchased of

MR. WM. H. ASHLEY

his interest in the

CLOTHING BUSINESS,

AT

20 South Main Street, Fall River,

And will close out the stock at 50 cents on a

dollar.

1-23

JUST RECEIVED

A large assortment of

SPRING

CLOTHING

FOR

Men, Youth and Boys.

AGENT

FOR

Rogers, Peal & Co. Clothing.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

189 THAMES STREET.

Special Bargains!

For the next 24 days we offer our entire

line of

Fall and Winter Woollens

Comprising the best goods and styles to be

had in foreign and domestic trade. At

this we do in order to make room for our Spring

and Summer styles, which we will receive

about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of

our goods to be the best and to give general

satisfaction.

MCLENNAN BROTHERS,

184 THAMES STREET,

MERCURY BUILDING.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely

pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of coffee mixed with Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO, Dorchester, Mass.

graduation of the world is selfish buckstering trade," next to religion; and many a moral lesson will stick deep when learned in barker when it would roll off like water from a duck's back when conveyed in a sermon. I look for decided benefits from the policy of reciprocity, and hope it may be carried out as nearly as possible in the broad spirit in which it was planned by Mr. Blaine. I am not sure, but we should go even further, but with our vast recent interests we should move with caution.

In this connection it seems to me desirable that we should try to elevate such questions above the level of partisanship. With few exceptions we do not have men of great weight of character as formerly to represent us in Congress and in our legislatures. Party, right or wrong, seems to be the rallying cry now; and the party is run (on either side) by بعض manipulating caucuses first, electorally afterwards, and loobies last. Something better must take the place of the caucus, or it should be abolished entirely as not really necessary, being largely unknown abroad.

We need larger, statesmanlike men in office, and of such there is no real lack, the trouble being that it is difficult to elect them, as they would not consent to be tools of the bosses. We need to continue our really great men in office longer, and allow them rather more latitude in carrying out a broad and liberal policy. England knows how to use such men, and whatever party is in power there, the work of advancing her interests is continually pressed. No doubt there is far too much selflessness in the methods used, but under all that there is much, very much that still tends to the real progress of our race.

Now is the ascendancy of England manifest merely on the seas, although she is as essentially a maritime nation due to the difficulty to give examples of large interests which are not more closely directly connected with her ship plug. But compare, for instance, the present status of stock in the Northern and Union Pacific railroads, with that of the Canadian Pacific. The Northern Pacific preferred stocks have fallen heavily of late, and their future appears uncertain. The break in Union Pacific is probably due to sales by holders who are disengaged by the prospect of Jay Gould's continuance in power, fearing that the system will be mainly worked for the benefit of the Missouri Pacific, which latter is Mr. Gould's chief property. The last dividend of the Union Pacific was paid in 1885.

Look, by way of comparison, at the record of the Canadian Pacific, built but a few years ago, and beginning business in competition with the already well established transcontinental lines. The gross earnings from 1887 to 1891, inclusive, were: \$11,600,000; \$13,211,000; \$15,300,000; \$16,632,000; \$20,211,000. The working expenses were: \$8,162,000; \$8,32,250,000; \$8,241,000; \$8,23,000; \$8,23,200,000. The net earnings were: \$3,504,000; \$3,570,000; \$8,188,000; \$3,299,000; \$8,010,000. In five years the gross receipts have increased nearly 75 per cent, and the net profits over 125 per cent. Originally the shareholders were entirely dependent upon the guarantees of five per cent from the Dominion Government, but last year the company earned rather more than sufficient to pay five per cent upon its ordinary capital, after meeting all fixed charges. The company has conducted its business on a most liberal basis, and well do they reap the results of their broad foresight. They placed upon the Pacific as a connecting steamship line with Asia three of the finest vessels afloat, the Empress of India, of China, and of Japan; and these vessels are drawing patronage because of their excellence in much the same way as we see the Fall River Line working steadily upward.

Other instances might be given without number of how England lays her plans years ahead, while altogether too much we live in the present.

Tuesday, May 24, a stiff westerly wind prevailed, and a thick fog until 11 A.M. By consent of the chief engineer Mr. Noyes and I were conducted through the engineer's department, where we were greatly interested in studying the titanic machinery. The propeller shafts, bright as diamonds, are 100 feet or more in length and fourteen inches in diameter. It seemed to make no difference whether the sea was rough or smooth, whether the ship was rolling or pitching, for the machinery kept moving as regularly and steadily as in calm water, with the power of 20,000 horses.

At noon the record for 24 hours was 433 miles, the latitude 48° 35' our longitude 31° 40'. The wind was still strong with rain. Soon after noon we overtook and passed the steamer Holden of the German Lloyd line from Southampton for New York. The Holden is one of the fastest single propeller boats in existence, but in three hours after we sighted her she was hull down astern. About this time a second-class passenger, John Hersey by name, was seen to jump overboard, and was drowned. The cause was unknown. No effort was made to rescue him, and I never learned if the case was reported to the officer of the deck in time.

Monday morning, May 23, came in with the wind rather more moderate from the southwest and the steamer ploughing through the waves at great speed. Early in the morning, in latitude 48° 20' and longitude 47° 14', we passed an iceberg, 400 feet long and 100 feet high. At noon our record was 472 miles, latitude 48° 15', longitude 47° 15', longitude 42° 15'. The wind was still strong with rain. Soon after noon we overtook and passed the steamer Holden of the German Lloyd line from Southampton for New York. The Holden is one of the fastest single propeller boats in existence, but in three hours after we sighted her she was hull down astern. About this time a second-class passenger, John Hersey by name, was seen to jump overboard, and was drowned. The cause was unknown. No effort was made to rescue him, and I never learned if the case was reported to the officer of the deck in time.

"The 12th of May was away on the steamer "City of Paris." The question arose, how many miles you suppose. That the captain himself was quite harassed.

On Thursday eve you easily perceive, nearly four hours earlier, all talked for a white. And bottles were ordered—white label.

But, though warm, and all forlorn, those who are those happy faces, the steward stand in full command. And those empty places.

The steward claps each victim slain. As he lies and tucks you; But never mind, he may be blind, The sky's teeming, too.

That lovely dinner, (if I'm a sinner,) He ate with you and me, Is no more ills. (It's not a quiz,) You'll find it in the sea.

You walk along, and see the throng, All fall out on the chairs. Oh! I'm not sick, they answer quick, I simply want the air.

I long for home, I'm all alone. You're not sick, you say. That's not occurs, gives such a notion. I long to see the bay.

Some who else may go to sea, I don't think it very fine, But take my hand, pull me on land, And all will be able to."

This was no doubt, as said, the general sentiment. I did not feel that way, however, having been trained to the sea pretty well as a sailor; but, as I did not care to annoy my suffering fellow-passengers, I passed many hours on deck talking with others who were not troubled with mal de mer, or thinking over the lessons of our long journey of some 30,000 miles or more. The thing which rose again and again in mind most frequently was the evidence we had seen everywhere of the power and enterprise of Britain. Why have we, who once humbled her pride on the sea, and distanced her fastest ships with our clipper, which seemed to bid fair to do the carrying trade of the world? Why have we allowed our commerce and our flag to almost completely disappear from the ocean? Why are we maintaining a second or third-class consular service in many a port where we should be using every honest endeavor to build up or extend our trade? While I have always favored the theory of protection, and the building up of home industries, I am satisfied that we have carried the matter altogether too far for the best good of even those who have sought to benefit. In some way we must remove some of the barriers that seem to fetter our trade, alike for the selfish reason of increasing our wealth, and for the charitable reason that we should be doing a larger share in ameliorating the condition of the ignorant and barbarous of other lands. I am satisfied that "the greatest ameli-

oration of the world is selfish buckstering trade," next to religion; and many a moral lesson will stick deep when learned in barker when it would roll off like water from a duck's back when conveyed in a sermon. I look for decided benefits from the policy of reciprocity, and hope it may be carried out as nearly as possible in the broad spirit in which it was planned by Mr. Blaine. I am not sure, but we should go even further, but with our vast recent interests we should move with caution.

Wednesday, May 25, dawned clear and bright, the ocean being quite smooth, and the steamer during her level best to reach New York in time for passengers to arrange their business with the custom house officers in time to take the late trains for home. We were about due south of Block Island, but too far away to see it. Long before we came on deck, the hands were engaged in hoisting up baggage, but it was 11 A.M. before they finished. At 10 o'clock we recognized Long Island shore in the distance, and half an hour later signified Fire Island, the news of our arrival being known in the city, no doubt, very soon thereafter. At 2 P.M. we arrived at the Staten Island Quarantine, when the doctor and six custom house officers came on board, our vessel running at half speed so as to give all passengers a chance to present themselves in the dining room. The officers had things all their own way, ranging us in lines at several tables, and making us declare under oath as to the dutiable goods each had and the number of trucks, barrels, etc.

When released we went on deck, but found that the steerage passengers had all crowded to the bow to get their first view of the city. As things turned out, however, this gave us an excellent opportunity to watch at a distance a little scene that would not have been quite so entertaining, perhaps, if we had got to the bow. A pile driver, hidden by the big shed of Pier 39, shot out to cross the river just as we came up. Bell was rung to stop and back, but before the order could be carried out, our vessel struck and sank the pile driver. The steerage passengers crowded in the bow were greatly scared at first, but became calm when the ship's officers assured them that there was no danger. It was amusing to hear the ship's sailors say that the accident was due to the fact that John Hersey had committed suicide on May 22.

We were soon at Pier 43, and lost no time in getting our baggage into tiles A. B. G., etc., on the wharf. My son, C. C. Bal, with his wife and my nephew, Frank Carter, met us as we landed. Having, when in London, placed our valuable curiosities in trunks that we could select at sight, we found no trouble after declaring to the officer on board, in making haste through a public institution which many, many passengers from constantly from the time they embark at Liverpool. We placed our baggage in the hands of responsible expressmen, checked for the 42nd street station, and drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where we enjoy a good dinner, a comfortable bed and an appetizing breakfast. Our passage, I learned, occupied six days, three hours and nineteen minutes, reduced time, from Queenstown Lightship to Sandy Hook Light. Leaving New York at 1 P.M., we reached East Greenwich the same evening, visited the next day in Providence, and were in Newport, Saturday, May 28, in ample time to call at the Mercury Office and to take the 12:30 boat for Block Island, arriving at 3 P.M., after an absence of eight months and sixteen days. What a pleasure it was to meet friend after friend from the time we landed at New York until we had got fairly settled in our own cottage. And how pleasant it was to think of the many interesting scenes we had witnessed, and the novel experiences we had enjoyed, guided and guarded by a kind Providence, and brought safely back to the one spot on earth dearest of all—home. These thoughts are brought home to me all the more forcibly as I think of the loss of a brother and other relatives and friends during our absence, who had bidden us good-bye on Sept. 12, 1891, some with the evident thought that we would probably never see Block Island again.

We have traveled 18,459 miles on ocean steamers, 8,000 miles on river excursion boats, 3,010 miles on railway trains, and 2,510 miles in jinrikishas, sedan chairs, carriages and diligences, or on the backs of donkeys and camels in traveling about in the various cities visited, in side trips to points of interest near by, or in journeys from place to place. The total is 32,230 miles or an average of nearly 125 miles each day during our absence.

In closing, permit me to thank those who have followed us, in the columns of the Mercury, through our long ramble, for kind indulgence in many things wherein I have been too prolix, perhaps, through excess of interest, or too brief from inability to obtain accurate details. It has been my endeavor at all times to be correct first, and entertaining, if possible, afterwards. As many things have been written at table on the march from place to place, or in diligences, steamers, or trains, it will be readily understood that it has often been difficult to maintain the thread of the narrative.

And now it only remains to say, with kind wishes to all,

"Farewell, a word that must be, and hath been.

A word that makes us linger, yet, farewell."

The Mother's Legacy.

If a young man starts from a good, honest, industrious mother, he graduates from a university better than that of Berlin or Edinburgh with a diploma in each hand. Every sound man starts in life with at least one hundred thousand dollars—I say every man. You tell me to prove it. Your right arm—will you take five thousand dollars and have it cut off? "No," you say. Then certainly it is worth five thousand dollars, and your left arm is worth as much, and your right foot as much, and your left foot as much. Twenty thousand dollars of capital to start with.

Your mind—for how much would you go up and spend your life in Bloomingdale asylum? Twenty thousand dollars for your intellect? You would refuse it. It is worth that anyhow, forty thousand dollars of equipment. Then you have an immortal soul, for how much would you sell it? For sixty thousand dollars? "No," you say with indignation. Then certainly it is worth that much. And there is your one hundred thousand dollars, the magnificent outfit with which the Lord started every one of you. And yet there are young men who are waiting for others to come and make them; waiting for circumstances to make them. Fool you and make yourself.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Division Among the Faithful.

Says the Woonsocket Reporter: The summary meeting in which Mayor Pond "sat down" on Alderman Haffernan at the city council meeting Monday evening has caused quite a ripple in political circles. Several leading democrats interviewed uphold his honor, and say that it was a proper rebuke for offensive officiousness. The outcome will probably be to widen the breach for some time dividing the democratic factions in this city.

The Great Western of England will send an interesting relic to the fair in the "Lord of the Isles," an old locomotive that ran 750,000 miles without change of boiler. The Lord of the Isles is seven-foot gauge and was built for the Great Western in 1857. At the first Crystal Palace Exposition at London in that year it was exhibited as the most wonderful achievement of the century. Sir Daniel Gooch designed the locomotive and got a gold medal. It was run continuously until 1881.

It is now to be hoped that the name of John L. Sullivan will pass from public notice, even though that of a man of less brutal instincts shall take its place. If there must be a "championship" of the prize ring, let it rest with a man who has some regard for public decency, as Corbett certainly has. The battle, therefore, was not without its benefit.

TIVERTON.

AN ECCLÉSIASTICAL COUNCIL.—An Ecclesiastical council convened at the Congregational church, Tiverton 4 Corners, Wednesday, Sept. 14th, at 2 p. m., to consider the subject of terminating the pastoral relation of the Rev. Donald Brown. The council was organized by the choice of the Rev. L. S. Woodworth of Providence as moderator, the Rev. Thomas F. Morris of Westport as presiding. The churches invited were represented as follows: 1st Congregational church, Fall River, Mr. T. M. Green;

AUGUSTIN O. TITUS President, Chartered 1834. National Organization 1865. CHURCH.

The National Exchange Bank,
38 Washington Square, Newport, R. I.
Paid Up Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$22,500.
TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Accounts Solicited and careful attention to the interests of Depositors Guaranteed.

Letters of Credit and Drafts Issued on the Principal Cities of Europe.
Prompt Attention to Collections.

SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS

In connection with the bank, accessible only from banking room. Safes rented from \$2.00 upwards per annum. Vault storage for silver and valuables at reasonable rates. Commodious rooms for use of tenants. Vault open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M.

The public are respectfully invited to visit and inspect the recent improvements, insure safe, pleasant and increased facilities for the transacting of a banking business.

OUR MOTTO.—Safety, Courtesy, Promptness, Liberality.

DIRECTORS.
AUGUSTIN C. TITUS,
PERRY G. CASE,
STEPHEN S. ALBRO,
EDWARD A. BROWN.

WHEN YOU FURNISH

Your house this fall, be sure and look over our stock and remember we have everything made in

**FURNITURE,
CARPETS
AND
HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS**

in almost endless variety and at prices that are sure to make you buy.

A. C. TITUS & CO.

225 to 229 Thames Street

WE MUST HAVE MONEY

Warm Weather the Cause of All the Trouble!

Horse Blankets, Robes, Gents' Underclothing, Socks, Gloves and Mittens at Cost, for Two Weeks.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

But faint hopes of Mrs. Harrison's recovery from her illness.

LOOK LAKE, N. Y., Sept. 16.—An examination of Mrs. Harrison's condition shows that the progress of the disease which is slowly but surely supping her vitality has been temporarily arrested, in other words there has been no perceptible increase in the effusion of fluid in the chest cavity during the past twenty-four hours, and the physicians are encouraged to the belief that there has been a natural absorption. Another feature of the case that gives encouragement to the physicians is that Mrs. Harrison was more restless than usual during the night, a condition indicating to them that she still possessed considerable nervous force and has not yet reached a state of complete exhaustion or coma.

The two operations that she has undergone recently have affected her less than was feared, as it was not supposed that she had such good recuperative powers. While there are some people here who think the distinguished invalid has a chance of recovery, the majority are inclined to the belief that she will leave this place alive. The president and the members of his household pretend to be encouraged at Mrs. Harrison's condition, but it is fully evident to their intimate friends that they have little or no hope of her complete recovery.

The physicians no longer conceal their real anxiety at the situation, and practically admit that the case has gone beyond that point where medical or human skill can further avail. In the words of one of the physicians: "While there's life there's hope; but it is a rare exception when a person is affected with consumption, like Mrs. Harrison now is, recovers from the disease."

THE KITE IS SAFE.

The Peary Party, with One Exception, Has Arrived at St. John's, N. F.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 13.—A special dispatch to The Ledger from St. John's, N. F., says: The Kite has arrived here from North Greenland, whence she sailed on Aug. 24. On board are the entire Peary relief expedition in good health, with Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary and party, except John M. Verhoff, who, it is believed, lost his life shortly after the return of Peary from the inland ice by falling into the crevasses of a glacier at the head of Roberts Sound bay, a body of water adjoining McCormick Bay, while on an expedition of his own to a neighboring Eskimo settlement.

Notwithstanding a persistent search for several days, Mr. Verhoff's body was not found. There were abundant traces of his having gone on the glacier and none of his having crossed it. John M. Verhoff came from Louisville, and was about 25 years old. He had been a student at Yale. He had charge of the mineralogical and mathematical affairs of the expedition.

With the exception of this casualty, the two expeditions have been evidently successful. Mr. Peary carried out his plans fully and made a great inland journey of 1500 miles with Mr. Astrup, and through the members of his party who remained at McCormick Bay he has made a rich collection of flora, fauna and ethnology of North Greenland, besides which he has demonstrated the ease and comfort with which a winter can be spent in the Arctic regions.

The relief expedition has been equally fortunate. Throughout the voyage no serious mishap occurred and the collections made are probably unprecedented.

OFFICERS JOHNSTON FEAT:

INDEPENDENCE, La., Sept. 16.—John D. Johnson of Minneapolis made a quarter of a mile on a bicycle over the kite track here in 27.25s. He goes for all bicycle records during the next week.

Belgium Says No.

BRUSSELS, Sept. 16.—It is officially announced that the government of Belgium declines to allow the International monetary conference to be held here.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

Doings at Brighton and Watertown for the Week Ending Sept. 14.

AMOUNT OF STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle Sheep and Swine

Western..... 3,635 2,510 31,000

Massachusetts..... 10 10 10

Maine..... 10 10 10

New Hampshire..... 120 184 165

Vermont..... 2,613 2,613 165

Canada..... 2,833 2,833 165

Total..... 3,542 10,400 82,000

Last week..... 3,635 165 31,000

Working oxen—These brought up in fat condition, and sold for slaughter.

Northern and eastern breeds—Average price for fat oxen, 10c per pound, and the quality about all extra. None were sold for export.

The sales were merely nominal and no quotations are given.

Mitch cows and springers—The sales were about 1000 lbs. less than the demand last week.

The drivers only bring to the market what few cows they are practically forced to buy while trading in the country. They claim that the trading here is so slight that they dislike to take up the room in the market when it can be taken up by more marketable stock.

Veal calves—The sales were about as last week, but the demand was stronger, even at advance of 10c. The range from 15c to 20c.

Sheep and Lambs—The drop of 10c to 15c was in consequence of the increase in the receipts. The quality of sheep received was excellent, but lambs were not so good.

The market was closed before the noon hour yesterday.

Western beef cattle—The only sales noted were fifty head sold by J. A. Esthaway from his export lot, weighing from 1300 to 1400 lbs per head, at 12c per lb.

Boston Produce Market—Sept. 16.

Flour—The market is quiet, with the exception that some of the more noted concerns are having a good trade and moving their product, which product has been well received and passed over a year ago. Quotations are still unchanged, with prices the lowest on record.

POTATOES—Easier on white, with a little better for reds, and the demand little changed.

Apples—The market is quiet, with the exception that some of the more noted concerns are having a good trade and moving their product, which product has been well received and passed over a year ago. Quotations are still unchanged, with prices the lowest on record.

PEAS—Easier on white, with a little better for reds, and the demand little changed.

Onions—The market is quiet, with the exception that some of the more noted concerns are having a good trade and moving their product, which product has been well received and passed over a year ago. Quotations are still unchanged, with prices the lowest on record.

Carrots—Very firm, with the advance fully sustained. Choice carrots from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, 12c per lb.

Turnips—The market is quiet, with the exception that some of the more noted concerns are having a good trade and moving their product, which product has been well received and passed over a year ago. Quotations are still unchanged, with prices the lowest on record.

PORK—There is a great demand for pork fresh ribs, with the balance of the pork and ham market only steady. Quotations are very firm.

BAKERS—The market is dull and easy.

Gravestones, \$2.50; pipes and porters, \$100; golden sweets, \$1.00.

EGGS—The value unchanged.

BEEF—The trade in beef dull. Best steers are fully sustained, but light cattle are very dull and easy.

SAUSAGES—The market holds firm, with quoted values not changed.

MEAT—There are no changes in the size position of corned. Oatmeal is strong in the advanced.

COFFEE—The position of corn is still in firm, the fresh scare in the west not yet being over.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was

celebrated Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. Wm. L. Weaver on Wil-

low street, the high contracting parties being Miss Ella F. Weaver, daughter of the host, and Mr. John W. Wood, a schoolteacher on U. S. Schoolship Rich-

Admiral Walker, on board the Chile, has been entrusted with a mission of the greatest importance. He will have four warships under him. Through his goes with related instructions to Venezuela, it is understood that he will be directed to pursue a vigorous course in dealing with the situation, especially in connection with foreign aggression.

It is thought that his mission to La Guaya with his squad-

ron will be to offer the friendly inter-

vention of the United States to the

Venezuelan authorities for the purpose

of preventing the final absorption of

Venezuela by Great Britain, and fur-

ther to secure the restoration of the

status quo as to the boundaries as it

existed prior to 1877, and to obtain en-

scoit for submitting to arbitration the

question of title of the territory in di-

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